

THE MILAN EXCHANGE

W. A. WADE, Publisher.

MILAN, TENNESSEE

JESSIE'S VALENTINE.

St. Valentine's Day had come at last! The children hailed it with delight, and to their favored little friends sent valentines all gay and bright. On tip-toe stood a little girl to reach the letter-box, and there she dropped a tiny bill-douez. While dimples filled her cheeks so fat. "Guess he's as nice as any boy!" She thought, "And he'll be surprised, I know, to get a valentine from me. I hope it very soon will go."

At Station D the postmen filled their letter-bags and went their ways. Each more than busy with the work that came with that great day of days. But Carrier Brown, with puzzled face, upheld a folded note. Said he: "Now where to take a thing like this, I will confess, sir, puzzles me." Thus the address: "Please letter me, Find Mr. Valtyrie, if you can. And give him this, please, rite away. Cos it is meant for him to-day. I'm just a little girl, but then, I like him best of all the men." The tiny note unfolded lay beneath the Superintendent's eyes. "Dear little innocent!" he said. "Twice better not to make her wise And spoil her blue eyes all a-shine. With kindly hand these lines he wrote, "Dear little girlie,

Is most delighted with your note, And begs that you will always be His Valentine so sweet. Then sealed and sent his answer where Were given Jessie's name and street.

That afternoon to Jessie's house Came valentines for the family of little folks; but of them all Wee Jessie laughed in highest glee, And was it strange? Oh! n! indeed! For with her blue eyes all a-shine She proudly boasted: "Mine is best, It came from Mr. Valtyrie!"

-Mary D. Bruce, in N. Y. Independent.

TWO VALENTINES.

The Rich Girl and the Dress-Maker's Daughter.

Gertrude Lewis had just finished directing a valentine in a common, brown envelope; another, in a pretty box, lay on the desk before her, when Araminta, better known as "Mint," the nine-year-old daughter of the colored cook, peeped in at the open door.

"Come here, Mint," called Gertrude, catching sight of her, "you are the very person I want."

"Is glad I's de werry pusson you wants," said Mint, coming into the room, "deed I is, Miss Gertrude."

"Well, sit down and listen attentively to what I am going to say to you."

"I's lis'nin' ortful 'tent-y, 'deed I is," said Mint, perching herself on the edge of a chair. "Oh, dear, Miss Gertrude, how dis yer room do smell ob apples and—and—" sniffing loudly, with her head first on one side and then on the other—"and candy. 'Deed it do, Miss Gertrude."

"Never you mind what it smells of until you come back from the errands on which I am going to send you. Then if you have done them right you shall smell and taste too. You see this?" holding up the box.

"Deed I does, Miss Gertrude. It's a hansom box wid little flyin' angels onto it; 'deed it am, wite angels, dey am. Nebber seen no box, no nothin' wid brack angels onto it; 'deed I didn't, Miss Gertrude. Ain't der no brack?"

"Can't stop to answer questions now," interrupted Gertrude. "I want you to take this box," and she proceeded to wrap it up in nice white paper, and write an address neatly upon it—"To Miss Kate Archbold's house. You know where her house is?"

"Deed I does, Miss Gertrude. It's dat splendid house war dar's two normeous big stone lyin' dogs, all of 'em a settin' on de front stoop. I's scan'lously 'fraid of dem dogs. 'Deed I is, Miss Gertrude."

"You need not pass them. Go to the basement door and hand the box to whoever answers your ring. Don't say a word, leave the box and come right away again."

"Deed I will," promised Mint, slipping down from the chair and holding out her little black hands.

"Wait a moment; I'm not through yet," said Gertrude. "After you have left the box at Miss Archbold's I want you to go around to Ray Martin's. You've been there, haven't you?"

"Deed I have, Miss Gertrude. She drug me dar by de ax her pargioheadness cause I frowed a snow-ball at her. 'Deed she did, Miss Gertrude."

Miss Gertrude burst out laughing. "I don't see, Mint, how she could have dragged you by your hair," she said. "It's so very crisp and short. And you shouldn't have thrown snow-balls at her. But that's neither here nor there at present. This letter," showing the brown envelope, "is to go to her. Slip it under the front door, ring the bell and run away. Now do you understand perfectly what you are to do?"

"Deed I does, perfectly, Miss Gertrude. I's to go to de big dog-house an' giv' dis yer box to de pusson dat opens de basement do'. An' I's to go to Miss Martin's house an' shove dis yer letter under de front do' an' den pull de bell an' run like as a p'liceman war after me."

"That's all right. And now be off. And come straight up to me when you come back."

"Deed, I will, Miss Gertrude," sniffing again. "O! w'at a lubly place dis yer is to sniff in. 'Pears do I smells peanuts, too."

And as she vanished out of one door

Mrs. Lewis, Gertrude's mother, came in at the other.

"I've sent Mint out with two valentines, mother," said Gertrude; "two valentines to two girls. The pretty one I bought last night has gone to Kate Archbold. I'm quite in love with her, though I've only met her a half-dozen times. She is so sweet-tempered and ladylike. I don't believe she could do or say a rude thing. In her valentine I have written some verses of my own composing, wishing her all the happiness the world can bring, and a path-way strewn with roses, and all that sort of thing. I'd like ever so much to have her for an intimate friend."

"Isn't she daughter of the Widow Archbold?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"Yes," replied Gertrude, "the only daughter. In fact, the only child."

"And she has been reared carefully and tenderly and has health, wealth and beauty."

"Yes, mamma," said Gertrude, looking at her mother with inquiring eyes.

"Well, under those circumstances," Mrs. Lewis went on, "I should be much surprised if she were not amiable and ladylike. But to whom did you send the other valentine?"

"O, that was a sort of a comic one. I sent it to Ray Martin. She's the worst tempered girl in our school, and ready to fly out at you at a moment's notice; and she frowns ten times while she smiles once."

"And she is the daughter of a widow, too, is she not?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"Yes, ma'am. Her mother is a dress-maker. But Ray is not the only child."

"No, indeed! She has seven besides Ray—four boys and three girls; but Ray is the oldest. And it must be very trying for a girl especially, to be the eldest in a family of eight children in a house where money is very scarce. Poor Ray! I don't wonder that her disposition is a little sourd. I've no doubt that she has as much house-work to do before and after school hours as one of our servants has to do in the whole long day. But what did you write to her?"

"Indeed, mother, I'm almost ashamed to tell you," said Gertrude hesitatingly, while her cheeks flushed, "although it isn't so very bad after all. But I wish I had spoken to you first. You see I never thought about her in that way. And she won't know from whom it came, because I wrote in back-hand. Only something about being better natured and making her more liked, and telling her if she didn't she was sure to be an old maid."

"If it be as incoherent as your explanation," said her mother smiling, "I'm sure no harm will come of it. But never do such a thing again, Gertrude. Don't do anything that 'is not so very bad,' but always try to do something that is so very good."

A few moments after this conversation had ended, Mint came bounding up the stairs and knocked loudly at the door. "Come in," called Gertrude.

"Deed, I will," said Mint, sniffing as though she feared the tell-tale fragrance in which she delighted had departed during her absence. "I done dat ar errand, Miss Gertrude, an' I'd rather hab more candy dan peanuts, an' apples dan candy, an' twicet as much ob ebberying."

"You must answer my questions before you can have anything. Who came to the door at Mrs. Archbold's?"

"Jess no one, not a livin' soul, 'cept Miss Kate herself."

"Miss Kate?"

"Deed she did, Miss Gertrude. An' I got to speak—couldn't keep it no how, Miss Gertrude. An' I says, 'Go away, Miss Kate, an' sen' some odder pusson to do' for dis yer valentine.' An' Miss Kate she laughs, 'deed she do, an' turns aroun' an' a gal comes out an' takes it, an' I don't say nothin', 'deed I don't, but jes walks off wid my mouff shut."

"Oh, dear, how unfortunate. Kate won't have the pleasure of guessing who sent that valentine. She'll think at once I did it, because she knows you belong here. Well, how about the other?"

"O, de odder. I takes dat wun to Miss Martin's, an' it's too big to go under de do', deed it war, Miss Gertrude, so I sots it on the stoop, an' I pulls de bell an' runs, but I 'clar goodness, Miss Gertrude, dat ar Billy Martin war a settin' on de nex' do' stoop an' I didn't see him all de time. 'Deed he war, Miss Gertrude; de peanuts smells de strongest, 'deed dey do."

"I ought to have known better than to have trusted you," Gertrude began in a severe voice, but seeing the pained look that came into the child's big, black eyes, she said no more, but going to her closet brought out some apples, peanuts and candy and threw them into Mint's uplifted apron. "There, take them away with you," she said in a kinder tone as she did so, "and don't let me see any more of you to-day."

But scarcely had Mint had time to reach the kitchen before she made her appearance again. "Miss Kate Archbold's yer," she announced, "an' she wants to see you. 'deed she do. She's in de parlor an' she says hurry up, yo' little ink, 'deed she did."

With a smile on her lips, Gertrude flew to welcome her visitor. But the smile soon fled when she beheld Kate's frowning face—that face which she had always found so sweet and sunny before.

"Pray, Miss Lewis," asked Kate, "how had you the impertinence to send me this thing?" And she held out the valentine that had been destined for Ray.

"And in what way have I deserved it from you?"

"I never sent it to you," said Gertrude, but before she could say another word Miss Archbold broke in with:

"That's a falsehood—your colored

girl brought it and my maid followed her directly to this house."

"All the same, I have told no falsehood," said Gertrude. "Did you not read the address on the envelope?"

"It had no envelope, as you must very well know," retorted Kate with a scornful toss of her head.

(It came out afterward that Mint had dropped both valentines in the muddy street and had torn the envelope off of one and the paper covering off the other and thrown them away, thinking that would destroy all evidence of her carelessness.)

"And I never was so surprised in all my life, though it was just the kind of thing one might have expected from the daughter of a man who keeps a shoe store."

"Please say nothing about my father," began Gertrude turning very white, "for no better gentleman ever lived than he. And try to be ladylike enough to remember that you are in my house. There has been a great mistake, which I can explain to you if you will be so kind as to listen. A mistake that has punished me—"

But when she had got thus far in rushed Ray Martin, her face fairly beaming, and flung her arms about Gertrude she said: "You dear, good girl! No one ever sent me anything half as beautiful before. And everything had been so at sixes and sevens this morning that I was just on the point of sitting down for a good cry when it arrived. The oatmeal porridge had scorched and the cat had upset the milk and the baby cut her hand and the fire wouldn't burn and the bread wouldn't rise, when ding-a-ling-ling went the door-bell, and there was that beautiful valentine. I knew it was from you, because Billy saw Mint run away. And I declare the fire began to burn, and the room began to get warm, and the bread began to rise, and the baby began to laugh, and everything turned from wrong to right exactly as it does in a fairy story."

In all her fourteen years never had Gertrude felt so conscience-stricken. But she gave Ray a kiss, and then followed Kate to the hall. "That valentine, Miss Archbold," she said, "was meant for you, and the other was intended for Ray Martin. Mint made a mistake in delivering them. Shall I tell Ray so?"

"No, no," answered Kate, hastily, "not for the world. And I—I—beg your pardon, Miss Lewis. I have been too hasty, but you see I never received a valentine that wasn't very—very complimentary before. I hope you'll forgive me."

"Certainly," said Gertrude, a little coldly, it must be admitted. "Good afternoon." And instead of becoming the intimate friend of the rich girl she became the intimate friend of the dress-maker's daughter. And under the influence of her brighter nature the frown was soon smoothed away from Ray's brow, and out of the loving generosity of her warm young heart many a little luxury found its way to Ray's home.—Margaret Eytzinger, in Detroit Free Press.

THE GREAT WALL.

China as Seen from One of the Towers of This Ancient Fortification.

Of the ancient Great Wall, only a low rampart remains, with square towers diminishing towards the top. These towers are generally placed on the summits of the mountain across which the wall winds. I ascended one of them, the better to contemplate the view, but had no one with whom to share all the admiration that I felt at this moment. It is quite impossible to describe all that the eye took in—mountains, valleys, gorges, grass-covered slopes, pastures, farms, lakes. The presence of man is to be felt; not of the local villages of town life, but the life of a great State. To the east a superlative valley dotted over with Chinese villages, surrounded with bushes and trees; farther off, on several levels, chains of mountains, the tops of which were on a level with my eyes. To the west the ground undulates gradually towards the plain, beyond which are more mountains. On the south, magnificent pasture-land, intersected by the Great Wall with its ruined towers. On our right the Great Wall, cracked and destroyed by centuries, and covered with plants; on our left, a slope towards the plain, laid out in artificial terraces with fields of millet, oats, potatoes and hemp. As to the Chinese, they are to be seen everywhere, with long plaits and bare-headed, attired in a white shirt and blue trousers. The women are scantily clothed, and the children, whose heads are decked with flowers, are naked or nearly so. What strikes one most is the sudden transition from the barrenest desert of yesterday to the fertile and populous country of today. It seems like a never-ending village of small houses, covered with verdure, gardens and flowers, the whole extremely tidy and pleasant to the eye. This, then, is that swarming human ant-hill, China.—Chicago Interior.

The Congo Free State has entered the postal union. A list of postal rates ranging from five to fifty centimes has been adopted, and five different postage stamps issued, all bearing the profile of King Leopold, and the words, "Etat Independant du Congo." The business of the new State is transacted in Brussels by four ministers, who preside over the departments of justice, finance, foreign affairs and commerce, and the interior and police. The State is divided into four administrative districts, each having a governor, and all being under the charge of Colonel de Winton, the Administrator-General.—Boston Transcript.

A MYSTERY.

The Story of the Brig Mary Celeste—What Became of Her Crew.

A writer reviews a mystery of the sea, which, as he says, furnishes a theme suited to the analytical genius of Poe and worthy of it. It is the story of the brig Mary Celeste as told in the archives of the State Department. Thirteen years ago she sailed from New York for Genoa with a cargo of alcohol in barrels. Her captain, B. S. Briggs—a man bearing the highest reputation for seamanship and correctness, and who was a part owner—had with him his wife and a young child, and a crew of ten men, some at least of whom were known as peaceable and first-class sailors. The vessel was picked up at sea December 4, 1872, with no one on board. She was sailing with two appropriate sails set, as if pursuing her voyage. The weather was calm and the sea smooth; and not only was the vessel entirely sound and seaworthy, but she had not even experienced rough weather, for a vial of medicine stood upright on a table in the cabin. The cargo was well stored and in good condition. There was no evidence of a struggle on board. The brig's papers, chronometer and boat were gone, but every thing else was in shipshape order, even to the sailors' chests. The last record in the log had been made November 25, but the judicial officers who investigated the case held it almost impossible that the brig could have sailed from her position November 25 to the point at which she was picked up upon the same tack with no one at the wheel, and they inferred that the abandonment must have taken place some days after the last entry was made in the log. Admiral Shufeldt, who investigated the mystery at the request of the Consul at Gibraltar, rejected the idea of a mutiny from the absence of any signs of violence, and concluded that the vessel was abandoned in a moment of panic. But nothing was ever heard of the ship's company, and no clew to the affair has ever been found. The failure of the log to bear any record for the last few days the crew was probably on board only heightens the mystery.—N. Y. Commercial.

NINETY-SEVEN YEARS.

This is the Age of Cincinnati, "The Queen City of the West."

Ninety-seven years ago the first "settlement" was made by white folks in Cincinnati. This was then a very nice place. The Ohio river was beautiful. Deer creek was picturesque, with a noble group of sycamore trees and a nice little harbor for flatboats at the mouth. Mill creek was a romantic stream, abounding in fish, and where the "spotted" deer played. The Licking, putting in opposite, was a river already historical, famous for its waters, its "licks" and its game, and the stories of blue-grass and buffalo were sufficient to satisfy any reasonable demand of the imagination. This was a good place to begin a city, though everybody did not know it for a time. The finding of driftwood in the forks of trees twenty feet above ground in Columbia disturbed the original proprietors of that tract, and turned attention to this point. The Cincinnati valley was largely above extreme high water. It consisted of the first and second bottoms. The first bottom had been overflowed, but the second had not. There are scientific and other fanciful people who say the great Miami river once ran into the Ohio at this place, and account in this way for the immense beds of beautiful gravel and sharp sand upon which the city stands. But how many people know that beneath our foundation are beds of sand as clean as snow, and of gravel white and pure and smooth as new eggs? This is a memorable day in our history, and we have three years to complete the first century of the city. We should by that time be able to resume with unabated energy and hope the progressive development of our prosperity.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

VALUABLE SOCIETIES.

Why Every Community Should Have a Historic-Genalogical Society.

The president of the New England Historic-Genalogical Society, in his annual address, declared it "a sacred duty to preserve and hand down to future generations not only the lineage and history of our families, but to record the names and virtues of those men and women who have been benefactors of our race." He said it was the design of the society over which he presided to perpetuate the events of the lives of those who have benefited their race on a large or a small scale, and "to exalt their virtues in endearing words, so that their trials, industry, perseverance and success may strengthen the characters and cheer and encourage those who come after them." A society with such an aim as that of this organization should be established in every portion of the country where geographical lines and commercial enterprises in common tend to develop peculiar local interest in the men and women who have proved of especial worth.—Current.

—Whenever it is necessary to display storm signals at night at the Signal-service Station in Boston, the lanterns are lighted by electric lights, which make them remarkably brilliant. This is the only station in the country at which electric lights are used for the signals.—Boston Journal.

SOUTHERN GLEANINGS.

John Cochran, a revenue officer, was shot seriously by moonshiners a few days ago in Newton County, Ga.

The Knights of Labor are arranging for a thorough organization throughout Tennessee, and an attempt is soon to be made to force the adoption of the eight-hour system among the miners.

A terrible scene was witnessed in Augusta, Ga., a few evenings since when a huge bull-dog grasped a boy named Jimmie Gallagher in his mouth and shook him like a rat as he ran down the street. A shot-gun was brought into play, when the dog dropped the lacerated child and dashed into the crowd, biting left and right. Another shot blew the dog's brains out. The child was fatally injured.

In the case of Richard Backarrow, the Louisville drummer recently tried at Shreveport, La., on the charge of being one of the parties to the abduction of Mrs. Inez Watkins, of Nacogdoches County, Tex., the jury, after being out an hour, returned a verdict of guilty.

Madison Wells, of Louisiana, has entirely lost the use of his eyes.

Congressman Reagan, of Texas, is seventy years old and has lived forty-seven years in the Lone Star State.

Near Dresden, Tenn., a few days ago, Robert Edmondson's daughter fell down stairs and was killed.

It is not generally known, but the water-power at Columbus, Ga., is just about equal to that of Minneapolis.

General Wolford, of Kentucky, is an original character and his speeches afford the House more amusement than those of any other Congressman.

Burglars blew open the safe of J. W. Biggs, at Burnsville, Miss., a few nights ago, and secured \$800 in cash and notes to the value of \$3,000.

At Mecklenburg, N. C., iron works a few days since, John Springs and Will Austin, both colored, were instantly killed by the falling of the elevator. Julius Brown, also colored, was badly injured.

In the United States Court at Memphis, Tenn., M. R. Patterson, the young attorney who recently assaulted Mr. Newman Erp in court, was fined \$100 and costs by Judge Hammond for contempt.

A Pole named M. J. Powosky committed suicide by hanging himself by means of a rope on the farm of Captain Kelly, at Oaklawn, near Dallas, Tex., a few days ago. Deceased was thirty years old, and left no clew as to the reason for self-destruction.

Lillie Shields, aged thirteen years, daughter of Joseph Shields, died at Nashville, Tenn., a few days ago from burns. While preparing dinner her dress was ignited at a grate, her side and back being fearfully burned.

Thomas Henry, a wholesale crockery merchant of Mobile, Ala., who during the war supplied the Confederate army with drugs, and was noted for his liberality toward Catholic institutions, died recently at the age of seventy years.

The Grand Jury at Nashville, Tenn., has indicted Ben Brown, Nelson Joslin, Simon Fox and Foster Joslin, all colored, for murder in the first degree. They are charged with killing Frank Arnold, the negro whose mutilated body was recently found in "Hell's Half Acre." The quartet pleaded not guilty.

Thornton Augustus Rudd and his wife, Mary Marcissa, an old colored couple, living at Louisville, Ky., recently celebrated their golden wedding at their home. They were married February 11, 1836. The old man is eighty and his wife seventy-six years old. They have no children.

Green Gunn, who, with four others, was arrested for entering the house of Thomas Burt, on Turkey Creek, Coffee County, Tenn., in disguise and shooting him after he refused to give up \$3,000 in his possession, has made a confession. He implicated the rest of the party, and said Joe Clark, his father-in-law, compelled him to join in the raid.

George Robinson, colored, who murdered Wittle Parker, white, at Monroe, La., about two months ago, was arrested at Cleveland, Miss., a few days ago, and was placed in jail at Vicksburg to await the arrival of Sheriff McGuire, of Monroe.

The jury before whom Wm. Jackson was tried at Owensboro, Ky., for the murder of Freeman Williams found him guilty of manslaughter, and fixed his punishment at twenty-one years in the penitentiary. Jackson was noted as one of the most desperate characters in Davies County, and his conviction and sentence is hailed with joy.

The Louisiana Senators are thus described: Senator Gibson is an accomplished man of the world, and represents more particularly the old regime; Senator Rustis the practical element. Both were Confederate Generals. Gibson is a courtier. Rustis would command a court. Both are lawyers and scholarly speakers.

The House of Representatives of the Mississippi Legislature has passed a bill granting a pension of thirty dollars a year to "every soldier or sailor of the late Confederate States of America who entered from the State of Mississippi and lost a leg, an eye or an arm in the service of said Confederate States; and to every such soldier who is now or may be hereafter otherwise incapacitated for manual labor by reason of a wound received in said service, and also the widow, remaining unmarried, of any soldier or sailor who lost his life in said service while a citizen of this State."

The Georgia State Agricultural Society met at Columbus last week. There were about two hundred and fifty delegates present, nearly every county in Georgia being represented.

Hannah Hundley, colored, aged one hundred and three years, died at Louisville, Ky., a few nights ago.

A child was born near Somerset, Ky., a few days ago which weighed eight pounds, and had a head, mouth and body the exact counterpart of a frog. The lower limbs were natural, but the hands were webbed and like those of a bull-frog. The child was born dead.

Florida gardeners are getting busy.